

Dumbass Steve and the Cobbler by Carerra_os

Series: [Dumbass Steve Harrington \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Allergies, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Bottom Steve Harrington, Creampie, Dom/sub Undertones, Dumbass Steve Harrington, Established Relationship, Fluff and Smut, Kitchen Sex, M/M, Moronsexual Billy Hargrove, Top Billy Hargrove

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Tommy Hagan

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-06-22

Updated: 2021-06-22

Packaged: 2022-03-31 13:54:30

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,045

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Day 10 Peaches

-

“I really want to try it and you know I’m shit at baking.” Billy goes a little pleading with his eyes, going as close to puppy dog as he can.

“I thought I was banned from the kitchen after the blender incident.” Steve asks as he drags the magazine down showing off his pursed lips.

Dumbass Steve and the Cobbler

Author's Note:

Day Ten Peaches from the Harringrove April Prompts

Dumbass Steve and the Cobbler

Steve is half asleep on the couch, head in Billy's lap, the April showers pounding against the roof. Billy has his feet up on the coffee table, the whole living room rearranged so they are closer to the fire, the chill of winter still clinging to Hawkins. Billy is flipping through a magazine Steve brought home full of spring recipes.

Some of them look good, Steve has already scribbled little notes on ones he wants to try and Billy has a marker balanced on the arm of the couch but mostly he just keeps mentioning the recipes that intrigue him to Steve. Billy spies one that he really wants to try, he has fond memories of his grandma making peach cobbler in the spring back in California before she passed. He does not have any of her old recipe books, Neil having tossed them along with anything else he could not sell after she passed but Billy still has his fond memories of her.

"Walnut." Billy jostles Steve to fully awake, big brown eyes blinking up at him as Billy folds the glossy pages over and holds the picture of the peach cobbler in front of Steve's face. Steve takes the magazine from Billy, dragging it away from his face so he can blink up at Billy grumpily some more.

"Why?" He complains pouting up at Billy cutely. Billy just goes for a charming smile, dragging his hand through Steve's locks in a way that always has him melting a little.

“The peach cobbler, think we should try it?” Billy asks, making pleading eyes at Steve who gives a huff pulling the recipe back up to eye level.

“You woke me up for this?” Steve asks, pressing the magazine against his face blocking out his nose and mouth and muffling his words.

“I really want to try it and you know I’m shit at baking.” Billy goes a little pleading with his eyes, going as close to puppy dog as he can.

“I thought I was banned from the kitchen after the blender incident.” Steve asks as he drags the magazine down showing off his pursed lips.

“I thought we could make it together.” Billy says, he knows Steve likes it when they do that but he is still giving Billy that unimpressed look so he goes in for the kill “My grandma used to make peach cobbler, haven’t had any since she passed away.” Billy knows he is getting his cobbler as Steve’s eyes soften.

“Okay but you have to cut and peel the fruit.” Steve says, hand reaching up and twisting a few of Billy’s locks in his fingers. Billy was already going to do that, Steve has a bad habit of getting distracted and cutting his own fingers.

“Course, got to keep your pretty fingers nick free otherwise you’ll cry like a baby when cum gets on them.” Billy teases and Steve smacks at his stomach with an eye roll, he is not the one who cut his hand and

insisted on giving a hand job that led to crying, that was all Billy.

“Tell me about your grandma?” Steve asks with a yawn giving up on smacking at Billy’s stomach as soon as he starts, too lazy with the heat of the fire against his skin, Billy’s hand carding through his hair, and the rain pounding harder against the roof.

“Oh she would have loved you, never would have let you in the kitchen but she always had a thing for pretty boys, it’s where I get it from.” Billy says with a wink that makes Steve laugh and smile.

-

Billy picked up all of the supplies for dinner for the week and for the cobbler when he did the shopping at the beginning of the week and visited the farmers market. Steve and his refusal to learn the names of ninety percent of the fruits and vegetables is not allowed to go with him partly because it is frustrating but mostly because Billy gets to horny and the shopping gets abandoned. Billy cannot look at rutabagas without getting a hard on, he loves how stupid and stubborn Steve can be.

It is Wednesday dinner date night and Billy is running late to make dinner with Steve, bustling around the shop finishing up paperwork so he can get back home and make sure Steve does not burn the place down. He has been lucky so far none of his mishaps have burned the whole place down but after last time when the roof had to be replaced Steve's parents are threatening to kick them out if it happens again. So Billy finishes up as fast as he can, a little worried because Steve did not pick up when he called to tell him he will be late, Steve has a bad habit of not listening to the answering machine, his way of ignoring his parents.

Billy heads home, going faster than he should, never not worried that Steve is going to do something stupid and hurt himself when Billy is not there to make sure he is alright. Steve's car is in its usual spot, no sign of a fire thankfully. A little worry sets in when he opens the front door and smells something cooking but he breathes a sigh of relief when he does not smell anything burning.

“You started cooking” He immediately accuses, eyeing the cobbler cooling on the counter as he comes into the kitchen where Steve is just wrapping up dinner.

“I had supervision. Nancy and Johnathan were here, they only left like ten minutes ago and I haven’t touched a single knife or anything hot without an oven mitt.” Steve announces proudly holding up his unharmed hands like some sort of trophy and Billy shakes his head moving closer.

“That’s good, sorry I wasn’t here, got held up, do I have time to change before it’s ready?” Billy asks pulling Steve into a soft kiss before pulling back, he could use a shower but a hot meal sounds just as good.

“Go take a shower sunflower it’ll keep, the sauce will actually get better the longer we let it rest.” Steve draws Billy in for another kiss before pushing him toward the door, giving his ass a playful slap as he is walking out both of them laughing.

Dinner is good, real good and they move to the living room after, Billy lighting the fire and tossing the remote at Steve as he comes in with two plates of cobbler. Billy is not really hungry, stuffed full from the mushrooms, chicken and pasta that Steve put together with Nancy and Johnathan's help but the aroma of the cobbler is too much to resist, it smells just like grandmas. Billy settles on the couch with Steve after popping one of the VHS tapes that Steve brought home from work into the VCR.

He tosses an arm around Steve tugging him against his side as they both settle in to watch the movie and dig into the cobbler on their plates. It has barely been ten minutes when their peace is broken by Tommy letting himself in and not for the first time Billy wonders why he has not taken his key. "What are you doing here freckles?" Billy is pretty sure he has class early tomorrow he definitely should be on campus no here bugging them on date night.

"Hey love birds, what smells good." Tommy says ignoring Billy's question. Billy just sighs as he turns his head to see Tommy toeing his shoes off in the entryway making himself at home.

"There are leftovers." Steve calls through his mouthful, words slurred, Tommy grins and makes a beeline for the kitchen, always ready to eat. Billy and Steve go back to watching their movie until a clattering noise sounds from the kitchen.

"Is this peach cobbler?" Tommy shouts from the kitchen something in his voice making Billy pause mid bite.

"Yeah it's really good Steve made it." Billy calls back unprepared for Tommy to come running into the living room, eyes wild with panic.

“Stevie no!” Steve’s eyes go wide as Tommy shouts, stumbling forward and tossing himself over Billy knocking Steve’s plate and fork out of his hands. Steve keeps trying to chew the piece in his mouth as Billy just sits there baffled and watching Tommy practically in his lap as he pushes Steve’s face toward the ground shouting “Spit it out, spit it out!”

Billy’s brain finally comes back online and he is dragging Tommy away from Steve who has successfully swallowed the bite of cobbler that was in his mouth and does not have anything left to spit out, away by his neck. “The fuck is your problem freckles?” Steve is coughing, face turned down and away from Billy, he sounds like he is choking and Billy hopes the cobbler did not go down the wrong pipe but he cannot do anything about it right now as Tommy struggles, hands flailing wildly, one catching Billy in the face making his eye sting. “Use your fucking words asshole!” Billy hisses angrily, giving Tommy a shake and pushing him away as he claps a hand over his eyes.

Tommy darts around the coffee table making a beeline for Steve and Billy goes to intercede until Tommy finally shouts “He’s allergic!” Billy frowns, head cocked, what? Tommy kneels next to Steve hands bringing his face up and he is still sort of hacking and Billy finally registers the way Steve’s breathe is a little raspy, his face is red, redder than it should be and there is worry growing in Billy as he spies the telltale hives starting to crop up on Steve’s face and neck. “Stevie, where’s your epipen?” Tommy asks worried and now Billy is worried too because shit, Steve is having an allergic reaction, not for the first time but this is much worse than normal.

“It’s in the kitchen.” Billy is already moving to get it as the words fall from his mouth, they keep it there on account of the amount of times his dumbass boyfriend has eaten shellfish knowing he is allergic. Billy

has come home on no less than three occasions to Steve eating something containing crab or shrimp and Steve having an allergic reaction, it is not usually this bad though. Billy eyes the cobbler with disdain, sure it is the cause based on Tommy's reaction as he rummages through the junk drawer, Steve is always shifting things around in it.

As soon as he gets it in hand Billy runs back in and stabs Steve in the leg with it, Tommy relaxing some even as Steve continues to struggle breathing. "Hospital for you." Billy drags Steve up, ignoring his attempts at protesting, it is not like he can talk right now and drags him to the door, bending down and putting his shoes on for him.

"Are you coming?" Billy asks, eyeing Tommy making himself at home on the couch grabbing up Billy's discarded peach cobbler.

"Nah, I love Stevie and all but I've been his hospital buddy for years, you're dating him it's your turn now Billy boy." Tommy offers, mouth full of cobbler and Billy just glares at him.

"Fine but make sure you clean up and lock the fucking door this time when you leave." Billy says pushing Steve out the door ignoring his attempts at miming that he does not want to go to the hospital. Billy does not care what he wants, he is making him go, he has to make sure he is going to be okay and now they need a refill for his epipen that was the last one.

-

Steve is a sleepy mess by the time they get home from the hospital,

Tommy is already gone, at least he cleaned up, no cobbler caked into the carpet, he even washed the dishes. Billy has a new prescription for several epipen refills in his pocket and the knowledge that Steve is allergic to stone fruits. He barely keeps his dick down when Steve had argued with the doctor about pits not being stones. But Steve having an allergic reaction worse and quicker than the ones he gets from shellfish had outweighed Billy's stupid attraction to how dumb his boyfriend can be.

Billy just drags him upstairs and tucks him into bed, crawling in shortly after and curling around Steve already half asleep. "When you are more awake I want a full list of all of your allergies." Billy grumbles against the back of Steve's neck, getting a nonsensical murmur in return as Steve twists curling against Billy, pressing his face into his neck as he flops an arm around Billy's waist before promptly passing out. Billy just sighs and rolls to his other side, squirming back until Steve shifts in his sleep and curls to Billy's back like normal.

-

Billy wakes up reaching a hand out looking for his boyfriends as he yawns, the bed next to him is cold and he frowns as he cracks an eye fully open to find the bed empty. He huffs dick half hard the way it usually is in the morning and Billy gives himself a few light strokes before getting up intent on finding Steve. Billy wanders down stairs and into the kitchen only for panic to swell as he sees Steve with a spoonful of cobbler poised barely an inch from his mouth.

"Steve no!" Steve pauses the spoon half way to his mouth and Billy marches over and slaps it out of his hand. "You didn't eat any, did you?" Billy does not wait for an answer pressing in close and shoving his tongue in Steve's mouth searching for any indication that he just

ate more cobbler, he finds nothing but a minty fresh mouth. "What were you thinking! You're allergic." Billy hisses knocking the whole casserole dish of cobbler into the sink, fuck nostalgia he is never eating a stone fruit again.

"It was really good though and they already gave me those extra meds last night at the hospital so I figure I have a couple of hours before it wears off." Billy's dick jumps at Steve's stupid reasoning, dribbling pre as Steve's eyes fall to it, Billy naked and on display, he only bothers with dressing first thing in the morning during the heart of winter when the house cannot keep the cold out.

"That isn't how it works, you could fucking die." Billy hisses as he manhandles Steve to face the counter, dragging his pajama pants down, the junk drawer is right there and Billy fishes out the lube they keep stashed in it quickly coating his fingers and pressing two past Steve's rim. Steve lets out a shocked breath at the sudden stretch, hands braced on the counter as Billy starts thrusting his fingers in and out, scissoring them, prepping Steve quickly, making him shout as he adds a third.

"Why wouldn't you tell me you're allergic to peaches? Why would you eat them!"

Billy drags his fingers out of Steve pushing in fast, Steve letting out a moan hips pressing back against Billy's "I didn't know I was allergic to peaches." Steve argues and Billy starts up a fast pace incapable of slow.

"It's a stone fruit." Billy hisses one hand finding Steve's neck pressing his chest against the counter as he makes punched out moans as Billy's dick drags over his prostate over and over again, other hand

on his hip keeping him exactly where Billy wants him.

“I didn’t know!” Steve cries, hand trying to reach for his dick but Billy slaps it away intent to make Steve cum like this. “Billy!”

“It’s got a fucking pit” Billy points out fucking Steve faster hand falling back to his hip when Steve dutifully returns his hand to the counter without having to specifically be told.

“That’s not a stone!” Steve argues just like he had at the hospital, leaving Billy on edge all night and Billy cums shaking his head because how is his dumbass boyfriend still alive after all these years. Billy gets a few more thrusts in before he pulls out, shoving three fingers back into Steve’s ass before too much cum and lube can leak out, fingering him, Steve’s dick still hard and leaking between his thighs.

“But it is a stone fruit.” He grumbles one hand still keeping Steve pinned to the counter as he works his fingers in and out of Steve’s rim making sloppy wet sounds as Steve knees and shifts his hips to get Billy’s fingers right where he wants them. “What else are you allergic to?”

“Peppermint.” Steve admits mouth falling open as Billy focuses on his prostate, making him cry out as he clenches down on Billy’s fingers spilling all over the cupboard.

“Wait what,” Billy’s tone is short, fingers still pressing at Steve’s prostate making him cry and shudder as his dick keeps shooting “you kept eating those at the Christmas party!”

“It’s not as bad as the shellfish or stone fruit,” Steve gets out between cries, hand flying back trying to get Billy to stop, but he ignores it “I took some allergy pills.” Steve cries, it is too much, his dick keeps kicking and it is starting to hurt a little “Billy stop, too much!”

“That’s why you were so loopy so fast, I thought maybe Tommy convinced you to do shots with him again!” Billy hisses, giving one final twist of his fingers against Steve’s prostate before he drags his fingers out giving Steve his desired relief, pressing in close and draping himself over Steve’s back.

“Oh yeah gelatin” Steve laughs weakly, huffing and panting and reaching back for Billy’s hand, linking their fingers together as Billy kisses at his neck. Jell-O shots with Tommy is how Billy found out Steve had food allergies in the first place. It was apparently the one thing Tommy did not know Steve was allergic to.

“Well what else are you allergic to? One of us has to make sure you stop eating that shit.” Billy grumbles nipping at Steve's neck when he just laughs again.

-End

Author's Note:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>